

The Daily Freeman.

EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—erlie a martyr
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.
J. W. WHEELLOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.
THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILT
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TO MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The DAILY FREEMAN, containing the full telegraphic report to the associated press in Boston, morning and evening, and a full report of the proceedings of the Legislature, will be furnished during the Session to mail subscribers at the rate of \$1.00 for three months. For \$1.20 the DAILY will be sent three months, postage free. Two cents for single copies in wrapper, to be had at all times at the office. Members ordering papers to be sent regularly for the Session and wishing to pay the postage here will be supplied at the rate of two cents per number. The paper will be delivered to members and others at their rooms, at the rate of \$1.25 for three months.

The WEEKLY FREEMAN will be furnished to mail subscribers during the Session for twenty-five cents.

File of the latest New York and Boston papers will be at all times at the FREEMAN OFFICE, and those desiring to see these papers can do so by calling at this office.

The New Statue of Ethan Allen.

Mead's new statue of the heroic Ethan Allen, whose character, and the deeds and daring of which it was made up, have always occupied so great space in the minds of the people of Vermont, may, we feel confident, be pronounced a decided success. It not only exhibits a triumph of the genius of the promising young artist who executed it, as will be obvious, we think, to all who shall inspect it, but what is still more fortunate, very truly represents, as there is good reason to believe, the features, figure, port and general personal appearance of the remarkable man it purports to represent. In support of the last assumption, we are authorized to make the statement that a gentleman who has become well known by his literature and historical researches concerning the men and times of early Vermont, was formerly at the pains, in order to make his own personal delineations more accurate of writing down, from the lips of the most observing surviving contemporaries, minute descriptions of the persons of the leading actors in the marvellous drama which resulted in our State independence. Among the descriptions so taken down, that of the person of Ethan Allen throughout was made a special object, and no pains were spared to ensure its entire accuracy. And it was from these several descriptions of the man, as he was, and as he appeared in the heroic period of his life, coming from different sources and carefully compared with the results of the sculptor's super-added researches, that this statue was wrought out and moulded with a skill which must command general admiration, and with a faithfulness to nature which will make it especially interesting and valuable to the people of Vermont.

Thus here we have, at last, a statue we may look upon with some confidence as representing the man we have so long delighted to honor, and will do it fill our conceptions of the bold and daring original, and well may it fill our conceptions of any heroic personage of the past or present; for among all such, from Alexander the great down to Winfield Scott, none probably presented a more imposing figure or a more martial port than the hero of the Green Mountains.

Inauguration of the Statue of Ethan Allen.

The inauguration ceremonies to day (Thursday), were witnessed by a large crowd, thronging the steps, the portico, the halls, and windows of the Capitol, and occupying every available space in front of the stand. Governor Fairbanks presided. An impressive and eloquent prayer was offered by Rev. Alonzo Webster. The orator, Hon. F. E. Woodbridge, was then gracefully introduced by the Governor, and pronounced an eloquent, instructive and highly patriotic address, which was listened to with marked attention by the vast audience, and frequently interrupted by applause. We have no room for even an abstract of this excellent production, but it will, we hope, be given to the public in full.

The exercises were interspersed with music by the Band, under the direction of Mr. Fales, and by songs from a "choir" of gentlemen under the leadership of Col. H. D. Hopkins of this village. As we go to press, the dinner which followed the address is under successful discussion.

(Our War Correspondence.)

From the Fifth Regiment.
CAMP ADVANCE, FAIRFAX CO., VA.,
Oct. 4th, 1861.

DEAR EDITOR:—After guard-mounting this morning, I strayed from camp for an hour or so, and found an eminence at the south and westward, where I could look down upon this camp and its surroundings. I should like very much to record in full a description of what I then and there saw, accompanying the same with a brief of my reflections, but Order No. — will not allow the description, and if I say anything in relation to my views, it must be concerning my reflections. I presume, however, I can safely say that forts, batteries, dragons, artillery and infantry regiments, and picket details on the march were in full view,—the whole constituting an arena filled with genius and military pedagogues, learning the value of discipline, the true worth of minor and grand tactics, and waiting patiently an opportunity for the development of their own individual military instincts, upon which they rely for distinction, and the honor and safety of the country depends. No matter how well he may be drilled, or how rigid may be the discipline of the grand army, I feel satisfied that the volunteer soldier, borne on an enthusiasm such as no other soldier ever experienced, will, at all times consider that he is dependent upon his own resources, independent of tactics. And so feeling, he will in the end prove himself equal to any emergency. I have seen much in this regiment to demonstrate this fact, as also in others.

On Saturday night last, the night of the fatal mistake, when our own men slaughtered each other, many, very many of the boys of the Fifth made urgent appeals to go, to have a hand in the skirmish. They saw detachments marching, and heard the report of cannon, and at the word would have gone pell mell into the conflict. Without discipline, without even an officer, they would gladly have been in that fight, for they rely upon their own strength as men, and not upon anything that is military. Of course this is all wrong; at the same time it is exactly what the volunteer expects to do, and will do whenever he has an opportunity.

He cares but little for the glory of the battle field, to him it is simply an arena for contest, where he can seek revenge and not distinction, and this he will do at all hazards. This however may all be summed up in one sentence: Volunteers are the least military and the most warlike soldiers ever marshaled.

Such were some of my reflections as I stood viewing this army of fathers, sons, husbands and brothers, paraded as soldiers for the defense of their Country, and the laws and constitution that makes them a free and independent people, and they will defend them when assailed by either foreign or domestic foes.

I know of but few details that can interest your readers. The mercury to-day must certainly be at 98 or 100. On parade, at sundown, seven of our men fainted, the heat was so oppressive. On the 1st inst. we reported to Headquarters, 1011 men, 55 of whom were sick or excused from duty, some few have the measles, others intermittent fevers, and a variety of ailments incident to the great change of climate and diet. A large number of our men have never had the measles, and I presume their turn will come soon, unless protected by temperate habits and good looks.

All the Montpelier boys seem well pleased with the soldier's life; they are also in good health. By-the-way, I failed in my last to mention a little incident that occurred on our arrival at Washington. After a tiresome trip of nine hours, from Baltimore, we arrived at the "soldier's rest" about ten o'clock. Hungry, tired and a little cross, a Captain, a Lieutenant, and myself invited each other up into the city of magnificent distances, where we could find something besides salt junk, and hard tack. While parading Pennsylvania Avenue, a squad of armed men ordered a halt, and demanded our "passes." Not having any script of that character, we were escorted to the Provost's quarters, where we found the aforesaid functionary holding a levee. In due time we had a formal introduction, stated our case, left our addresses on record, and were excused, with the admonition that we should find our visits in Washington more agreeable in the future, by carrying a "pass" in our pocket.—Further the deponent saith not.

The Freeman arrives regularly, two days after publication—and from its columns we get much news of what is going on within six miles of our camp. The Associated Press are very industrious, but it would be difficult to find an attack of the army to endorse their veracity, and were it not for McClahan's edict, their bulletin of war news would show the whole army under march, fighting and skirmishing and living Rebels wherever they swarm.

Yours, &c. SEE. SEE. SEE.

(Our War Correspondence.)

From the 3d Regiment.

CAMP ADVANCE, VA., Oct. 7, 1861.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—The 3d Vermont Regiment of Volunteers are yet in position near Fort Marcy, waiting the order to advance into the land of Secession. We have seen some service since my last letter, and I have hesitated to write for the reason that a thought of the circumstances attending that service brings a blush to my cheek. You have read in the papers of the melancholy occurrence at Falls Church one week ago last Sunday; and while writing the day of the week, the thought occurs to me that perhaps that accident was a judgment upon those who lead for ordering an advance on the Sabbath. I will, in my next letter, give you an account of the affair. On Saturday evening, just at dark, the 3d was ordered into line and proceeded over the ground we have so often trod since our arrival on the Potomac, that is, to Langley's and beyond on the Leesburgh Turnpike, and toward Leesville. We formed line of battle, fronting with all the bravery of Spartans, or any brave people who may be used as a comparison, four mullen stalks, one thistle, an elder bush and two noble twin chestnut trees. Our rifles were loaded with care, the caps adjusted, but not a rebel, male or female, made their appearance, and like the French king with his forty thousand men in Flanders, we marched down the hill again. While returning, our General met a horseman bringing an order to advance on Falls Church, and we advanced, arriving near there about 12 o'clock, night. Two or three companies were thrown out as skirmishers, when of a sudden the woods and fields were lit up with the glare of flashing muskets and the

unharmonious sing of bullets over our heads followed. As far as the Vermont 3d was concerned, the trees overhead were the worst sufferers, injuring none save a private in Capt. Nelson's company who was shot through the hand with a buck shot. Not so with others, for when daylight came the dead bodies of men and horses in the road, some ten rods ahead of us, showed the terrible havoc the bullets had made, while soldier after soldier was led by us to the rear, some wounded in the head, some in the arms, the feet and legs; in fact, the road was full of them.

We were then ordered to furnish a line of skirmishers, flanking two brass field pieces on the hill. We remained there until daylight, not having the pleasure of seeing a rebel. About the time we were fired upon, I am told that Lieut. Bryan was ordered to fire upon us from two pieces charged almost to the muzzle with canister, but he refused. Had he obeyed orders the 3d Vermont would now be one of the regiments that were, for they would have raked our entire line from the right to the left flanks, and must have annihilated us. As for myself, I am glad he did not fire.

There are some minds so constituted that they see things worthy of laughter mingling with the most serious matters, and I am unfortunately one of that kind, and many times I see that which excites my risibilities when I should be serious. For instance; at Leesville, a shell came very near two men, they both dodged, one the one way and the other in an opposite direction. The consequence was they somewhat roughly bumped themselves together, and each imagining the other the shell, they both thought themselves hit, and you may imagine the blank look of anxiety, on the faces of both, waiting to learn the amount of their injuries. We have a captain in our regiment, whose courage never was or can be questioned, but whose only fault is that he is a little near-sighted. He, with his company, were skirmishing; it was dark and of course he could not see any the better for that and the consequence was that an innocent rail fence on a hill opposite was soon reported as a line of battle formed by the enemy; and I waited very patiently to hear the report that three or four lengths were out skirmishing toward us. Captain — enjoys the joke as well as any of us.

I have, much to my sorrow, mentioned in former letters the uniform of our regiment. I cannot perceive any improvement since my last, and must say that that order in parades and inspections, "To the rear in open order," as far as trousers are concerned is altogether needless, when given to a majority of the regiment.

I have repeatedly received letters from Vermont from many friends asking what we need, what will give us the most comfort, what will add most to our health. In answer to all, I say stockings, socks, feelings. Those furnished by government, are necessarily poor, and will scarcely last us through more than one long, hard march, and I know it to be a fact that many men in the regiment have not a socking to their feet; and the night's are getting quite cool. We are often out 36 hours on picket and have been two miles away from camp on the outposts for 48 hours, making two nights; and as cold as some nights have been, the men have actually suffered from cold feet.

You may ask, when are we to advance? Honestly that is more than I can tell you. It may be to-night, it may not be until spring. This is the greatest place for know nothings I ever saw. It seems to be a prevailing state of affairs. We are ordered into line, with one meal or three days rations in our haversacks. The order comes "Right face—forward march!" and we may ask in vain of each other, where are we going and the answer is invariably the halting sign of a certain political party that flourished a few years ago, who so vainly asked for Sam. Was it Uncle Sam? We retire at night with the hills, hollows and fields filled with tents all around us. We look out in the morning and they are gone. We ask where? The answer is, I don't know. The next morning we again look around, and thousands of troops are seen on the spot before lonely, and we ask, who are these? where did they come from? and the answer is invariably, I don't know. There is a master mind directing the whole. We think the direction will be right. More soon.

H. of D.

Just after the Manassas battle, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Post, a millionaire might have purchased half the city for one-tenth its original cost. Just after that disaster, a young man went to a cabinet maker to ask his advice respecting the purchase of a house in Washington. "Did the secretary consider it safe, provided the bargain was a good one?" The reply was: "If I were in my younger days and disconnected with the government, I would make a fortune by the purchase of real estate in Washington." That chance for making a fortune is gone by now, however. There is a great demand for houses and stores, and real estate is on the top wave of prosperity.

WHERE IS BRIGADIER GENERAL BLANKET?—We find the following in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of Saturday:

"Cold Nights." My eyes! but you should see the boys in Camp Wade "spoon and shiver" these cold nights. Not a blanket a piece. For pity sake, where is Brigadier General Blanket? Dennison, what are you about. Or ain't it you we are talking to? The boys look blank for want of blankets. Soldier's Aid Society, have you a few blankets you can lend these boys? Look at them, and see them "spoon and shiver."

TREASON ALREADY TERRIBLY PUNISHED.—All business is utterly prostrate in all the great cities of the South. Grass is growing in many streets in New Orleans which last year was daily beat and worn by the busy feet of thousands, and the whole population are rapidly being reduced to poverty and ruin.

We are authorized by Col. Lord to state that no more Regiments will be called for by Governor Fairbanks. A few vacancies are left in Companies, although the Regiment is fully organized. Applications can be made at the office of the Adjutant General—Pavilion Hotel.

MORE BRAGG.—The traitor Gen. Bragg is about to be made the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy. This it seems to us is entirely a matter of supererogation. The rebel Cabinet had quite enough brag in it before.

Camp Gregory Smith.

The following are the officers and privates of the Roxbury Company:

Captain—D. B. Davenport.
1st Lieut.—R. Templeton.
2d Lieut.—L. Ainsworth.
SERGEANTS—P. Gould, P. Crane, Jr., H. N. Bushnell, S. D. Sterling, L. W. Wakes.
CORPORALS—W. B. Hancock, T. Murphy, E. H. Fuller, G. D. Parker, P. H. Murphy, D. P. Shepard, E. P. Folsom, E. R. Dodge.
Drummer—H. D. Davenport.
Fifer—S. L. Richardson.
Wagoner—L. W. Clifford.
PRIVATES—Frank Anno, Numan Amidon, Andrew J. Butler, Joseph Benjamin, J. Madison Benson, Nelson E. Benson, John C. Blake, Walter A. Bagley, E. Buzzell, Lorenzo W. Blodgett, M. V. B. Barnham, Oscar E. Byron, M. Basconer, Patrick C. Clukey, Luther Chase, Mark Chase, Lorenzo Chase, M. J. Chaffee, C. Cleaveland, Geo. B. Clogston, T. Daniels, Chas. Dishon, D. Davenport, Chas. Davenport, Hiram F. Dyke, John C. Davis, Eric Ditty, Wm. Elliott, S. R. Ellis, Gideon E. Fletcher, Royal Flint, T. Worthen Gould, S. Garrow, Willis Grant, Don A. Grant, S. A. Hatch, John Hogan, D. Hogan, Lucius W. Hayford, Frank D. Johnson, Stephen F. Jones, Jacob G. Jones, Geo. S. Kneeland, Ephraim Keyes, Joseph Lavalley, A. Lackey, Joseph Little, Byron Montgomery, W. S. Moore, Wm. F. Moore, Geo. Mathews, John McAlister, Frank Martell, C. F. Newton, Iremus P. Newcomb, J. Norton, Geo. Ormsby, James Patten, James Putney, Augustus C. Ralph, Harrison A. E. Richardson, Geo. C. Richardson, E. R. Richardson, Lafayette Richardson, Levi Raymond, Lewis Spaulding, S. S. Spaulding, N. Shattuck, John Shocomb, Joseph Simons, Joseph Shincy, Henry C. Stone, A. J. Stone, Wm. Shoutell, Charles Smith, Milo J. Sorbner, M. C. Shepard, Simeon Stoddard, Ira Sanborn, T. J. Taylor, Chas. Templeton, Edmund Utton, J. W. Utton, Zebulon Ward, Joseph White, S. Waterman, Cairus O. Whitney, Henry A. Whitney.

The Woodstock and Cavendish recruits were organized into a Company with the following officers:

Captain—J. C. Spaulding, Cavendish.
1st Lieutenant—Geo. C. Randall, Woodstock.
2d Lieutenant—Hiram A. Kimball, Gayville.
SERGEANTS—Albert S. Lamson, John Y. Raintuck, Henry G. White, George S. Pratt, Michael H. Barker.
CORPORALS—Franklin W. Stacy, Edwin H. Perkins, Daniel E. Taft, Austin Grant, Mathew Hussey, Jeremiah E. Wilson, Stephen P. White, Wm. E. Woodward.
Musician—Edwin Kingston, Hiram J. Walbridge.
Wagoner—Andrew J. Holt.

PRIVATES—Walter Aiken, Alonzo Aiken, Hollis F. Allen, Henry G. Anthony, Dana Ayers, Norman Ayer, Thomas O. Barker, Seth W. Barker, Wm. W. Benson, Norman H. Blanchard, Charles Blackburn, Henry C. Beard, George R. Brock, Abolysus D. Briggs, Hiram D. Russell, Edward L. Brown, Barney Cannon, Naham Corbell, Lorenzo H. Cox, Mm. A. Coffin, George W. Cummings, Dexter W. Davis, Emerson E. Davis, John W. Dergan, Antoine Daphany, Wm. W. Davis, George Fitch, Samuel M. Fitch, Benjamin D. Gates, Harrison E. Grant, Nathan Graves, Leander Graves, Wm. M. Gibson, Elsiea Godard, Josiah M. Green, Joseph F. Headley, Leander Hasken, Horace A. Houghton, Henry L. Jones, John King, Orin I. Lockwood, Perry Lamphere, Charles Luther, Lewis R. Trow, Daniel McEwen, John McGowan, Henry Metcalf, Henry Monhouse, Michael McGill, Joseph F. Newton, George Parker, Emerson J. Pingree, Samuel Pinney, Robinson C. Powers, Francis E. Porter, Eben Rand, Owen E. Riley, Wm. H. Ralph, Charles Smith, Timothy Sullivan, Samuel H. Spaulding, Benjamin R. Taylor, Augustus Tewksbury, Rodney R. Thayer, Robert Thompson, Charles C. Waller, Josiah P. Willard, Hiram H. Wilson, Dana C. Woodward, John E. Wyman.

The following were chosen officers of the Orleans County Company:

Captain—Oscar A. Hale, North Troy.
1st Lieutenant—Geo. H. Phelps, Albany.
2d Lieutenant—Carlos W. Dwinell, Glover.
SERGEANTS—Chas. F. Bailey, M. Warner Davis, Wilbur Leach, Fred M. Kimball, Ira D. McClary.
CORPORALS—Jesse Courser, E. R. Nye, Martin L. Page, O. F. Stiles, Dan. Mason, Wm. J. Chickmore, Moses Abbott, Alex. W. Davis.
Drummer—Isaac Drew.
Wagoner—H. Byron Parkhurst.

PRIVATES—Wm. S. Livingston, Charles J. C. Ford, Henry McGuire, Davis Abbot, Geo. A. Spencer, Sanford A. Smith, Seth F. Perkins, M. D. Dutton, Frank C. Skiles, Lucius Carpenter, Simon F. Putney, Hiram M. Hunter, L. D. Henry, Ernest Spencer, Thos. T. Stewart, Wm. L. Snell, George Edsworth, A. Craig, C. Edwin Jocelyn, Frank H. Robbins, E. F. Fairbrother, John Bumps, George R. Weeks, Alonzo Priest, Orville F. Fish, Jason Priest, S. D. Gray, John S. Brown, Chas. W. Brewer, G. M. Padgett, Charles Paine, Wm. B. Carr, John E. Holloway, Z. Y. Bickford, L. P. Clark, H. Bliss, E. E. Ford, B. W. Stiles, W. A. Stiles, D. Joslyn, John R. Moody, S. E. Drown, Orange S. Williams, J. R. Robinson, G. D. J. Bard, Bryan H. Jenk, Wm. Ransdell, D. P. Farrer, A. M. Sablin, S. H. Page, C. Santan, A. M. Berry, Peter P. Courser, J. H. Wood, J. G. Stickney, Liberty Aldrich, J. W. Sanford, John Nason, H. J. Bailey, B. O. Currier, Robt. H. Collins, Joseph Page, Wm. Blanchard, M. V. Rogers, C. E. Colburn, Lewis Talbot, E. Harrington, L. O. Connel, G. S. Sablin, Geo. Bickford, J. A. Place, J. Libby, H. Allen, H. B. Pettengill, Ara J. Miller, H. S. Sanborn, Lewis Bee, B. Place, Seth Bumps, Stephen Shaw, George W. Allen, Lucian I. Sanborn.

The Volunteers from Franklin County were organized Monday morning, and made choice of the following officers:

Captain—Elisha J. Barney, Swanton.
1st Lieutenant—Lucius Green, Highgate.
2d Lieut.—Alfred H. Keith, Sheldon.
Orderly Sergeant—Clark Barr.
SERGEANTS—Ira D. Hatch, Josiah Sturtevant, Joseph E. Averill, Geo. W. Brotherson.
CORPORALS—Bradford S. Murphy, William Fletcher, William A. Green, Francis Friot, Guy C. Martin, Joseph R. Elliot, C. Clapper, Goodsel Hicks.
Drummer—Albert L. Thompson.
Fifer—Louis Christian, Jr.
Wagoner—Jerry Arino.

PRIVATES—P. D. Arino, Geo. Barr, Joseph Bassallion, A. D. Blaisdell, David Burns, James

Burns, Geo. Belrose, Joseph Belrose, James Boylen, John Bradley, J. Bushwa, Chas. Caxton, John Columb, Richard Columb, Joseph Columb, John Clark, James Clark, Horatio Chary, Patrick Chary, Wm. Cell, Watson Cheney, John Campbell, Joseph Caraway, Dexter C. Davis, D. M. Dumas, Elias Fletcher, Patrick C. Davis, H. Fisher, Felix Gorrie, Orin Holmes, Jas. Hardy, David Hunter, C. R. Hazen, Spelman Hazen, Hector Hutchins, E. J. Hendrick, James Hazen, Charles Johnson, A. Johnson, Franklin Jacob, James Judd, Nelson Jerusha, Thomas B. Kennedy, Joseph Louie, Jackson Lacey, Edward Lawrence, Eli Lombard, Philo Lapphere, George LaMudge, Martin Mahony, Barney Mahony, Michael Mason, Palmer Morgan, Reuben Morgan, Robert Maine, Geo. Martindell, Peter Mosier, David Moore, James Morgan, John Newstead, Alexander Parker, A. Peck, M. Porter, T. H. Rowland, D. H. Rogers, Francis Randall, A. Richardson, Hollis Reynolds, Lewis Sherbot, Francis Sloan, L. B. Sturgis, J. Salisbury, Peter Salisbury, F. Spalding, Geo. Spicer, H. Spalding, J. M. Taber, E. Vincedetto, Henry Wright, Harrison Ward, Hiram Walker.

The Bradford Company from Orange County were organized, and elected

Captain—Alonzo B. Hutchinson, Norwich.
1st Lieut.—La Marquis Talbot, Topsham.
2d Lieut.—Bernard D. Fabyan, Bradford.
SERGEANTS—John H. Wright, Geo. W. Penders, Geo. E. Wood, Jason R. Bixby, Nelson Minard.
CORPORALS—Charles Hyde, William N. Jewell, George Messenger, Orrin Latkin, Sumner H. Lincoln, Daniel Moulton, Thos. H. C. Wright, James C. Hibbard.

Drummer—John A. Colby.
Wagoner—David Holmer.
PRIVATES—A. C. Abbott, Wm. Argy, 1st, Wm. Argy, 2d, Wm. Bagley, A. J. Bagley, F. Bixby, A. Barchelder, Wm. Barron, Henry Boutwell, E. Boutwell, Charles Brock, R. G. Chase, G. M. Clifford, T. Caraway, J. M. Ciley, D. Ciley, H. W. Ciley, Wm. H. Cory, D. Barker, F. Doyle, S. Eastman, Geo. G. Elson, Wm. A. Field, J. M. Ferris, J. K. Gilman, A. C. Godard, David Gay, J. L. Kilton, Alsten Hildreth, Wm. B. Hough, Henry Heath, Gustus Johnson, H. H. Kimball, O. Kimball, Geo. W. Kimball, Chas. A. Knapp, A. W. Luce, — Lovejoy, Chas. A. Messenger, H. E. Marler, L. Miller, R. Murdoch, H. P. Martin, M. C. Martin, A. Martin, H. H. March, O. Marsh, C. McMillan, — Raverault, S. Rogers, J. O. Kelley, J. F. Palmer, Geo. Parker, John Page, G. Peters, W. H. Roby, R. A. Sack, Geo. W. Silver, Henry Silver, O. S. Sanborn, L. W. Sanborn, N. Southard, F. S. Stanford, Chas. D. Stevens, Geo. W. Taylor, B. Tacey, G. Scott, Simon Tuttle, F. H. Waterman, Geo. Woodbury, J. C. Willey, H. Washburn, J. D. Williams, T. G. Pillsbury, Geo. Bailey, S. J. Titus.

The Bristol Company of Volunteers from Addison County were organized, and elected

Captain—George Parker, Jr., Vergennes.
1st Lieutenant—Riley A. Bird, Bristol.
2d Lieutenant—Frank G. Butterfield, Middlebury.

SERGEANTS—Zim Elliott, Henry Prime, Argilus L. Squier, Albert A. Cram, Charles Huntington.

CORPORALS—Charles B. Strickland, Edward Barney, John E. Parker, Warren B. Dunson, John Wheeler, Sewell Sargent, Augustus L. Cox, Henry M. Parker.
Drummer—Daniel C. Quimby.
Wagoner—John Sheldon.

The Chittenden County Volunteers were organized with the following officers:

Captain—Wesley Hazelton, Essex.
1st Lieut.—William B. Reynolds, Milton.
2d Lieut.—Edwin R. Kinney, Burlington.
SERGEANTS—Edward A. Holt, John Fletcher, John Macomber, Horace Brownell, David A. Holton.
CORPORALS—Ralph Bellows, Lyman Williams, Elliot Robinson, William Pryor, Henry T. Morley, John Swan, George Monger, William Durlap.

Drummer—Frederick Basford.
Fifer—Lowell S. Bradley.
Wagoner—Cephias Pocheur.

PRIVATES—Leander Thayer, Francis Story, R. B. Mellan, O. A. Scribner, Reuben Austin, Christopher Fisher, D. D. Davison, James Henry, John Rowland, B. F. Holmes, Wm. Beach, G. W. Horner, Walter Osborn, Geo. Austin, B. S. Davison, Albert Austin, Milton Scribner, A. S. Horner, H. J. Fisher, E. P. Horner, N. A. Prior, M. Booth, D. S. McHard, A. F. Burdick, Martin Brownell, Alex. St. George, Francis Phillips, L. R. Dyke, W. F. Blood, William Page, J. A. Stone, Eli Osborn, Thos. Cary, Lorenzo Dyke, B. F. Stone, Wm. Prior, Homer Stanley, S. W. Fletcher, C. A. Chutes, Bailey Swan, G. A. Simonds, G. J. Bliss, Augustus Bowdoin, John McEwen, Louis C. Cazon, S. C. Alexander, B. M. Blake, Thomas Somerville, N. A. Baker, John Royle, H. W. Brownell, Reuben Ward, J. S. Story, J. H. Fletcher, G. H. Brown, N. J. Marsh, J. E. McKown, W. E. Davison, Wallace Allen, W. B. Jordan, David Bassett, Edwin Ball, Eugene Ball, P. P. Ball, H. A. Phelps, Benj. Huntley, Miles Davison, Henry Starks, Henry Starks, Jr., Ernest McMillan, Louis Beaman, Edgar Herrick, James Gardner, George Martin.

The Rutland County, the Burlington, and the Plainfield squads of recruits have been organized into a Company, under the following officers:

Captain—Edward F. Reynolds, Rutland.
1st Lieut.—Elijah Whitney, Middlesex.
2d Lieut.—Denison A. Raxford, Burlington.

IF THEY DON'T RUN, KISS 'EM.—At Bozlogne, during the reception of Queen Victoria, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line, that the latter were in some instances obliged to give way, and generally were, to use the expression of one policeman, "impeded in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, seeing the state of affairs, shouted out—"One roll of the drum; then, if they don't keep back, kiss them all."

At the first sound of the drum the English ladies took to flight. "If they had been French saies a Parisian journalist, they would have remained to a woman."

The latest private advices from Western Virginia are very encouraging, our generals having succeeded in steadily forcing the enemy back, and the whole of Western Virginia is now clear of the rebel troops.